

MOON IS BEAMING O'ER THE LAKE.

The moon is beaming o'er the lake,
Come sail in our light canoe;
Sweet sounds of music we'll awake,
As we glide o'er the waters blue.

1st voice. In our light canoe,
2d voice. As merry we row
All voices. Over the rippling silver tide;
1st voice. While free from care
2d voice. Our spirits are,
All voices. As away we me merry glide.

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Come sail in our light canoe,
Sweet sounds of music we'll awake,
As we glide o'er the water blue.

The Vesper-bell is pealing,
From yonder lonely tower,
Its tones now gently stealing,
Proclaim the vesper hour.

1st voice Sweet sounds arise,
2d voice. To the tranquil skies,
All voices. Like one of earth's sweet melodies,
1st voice. Now sad, now gay,
2d voice. As it floats away,
All voices. On the wings of the summer breeze.

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